



IKKONOGRAPHIKKAA



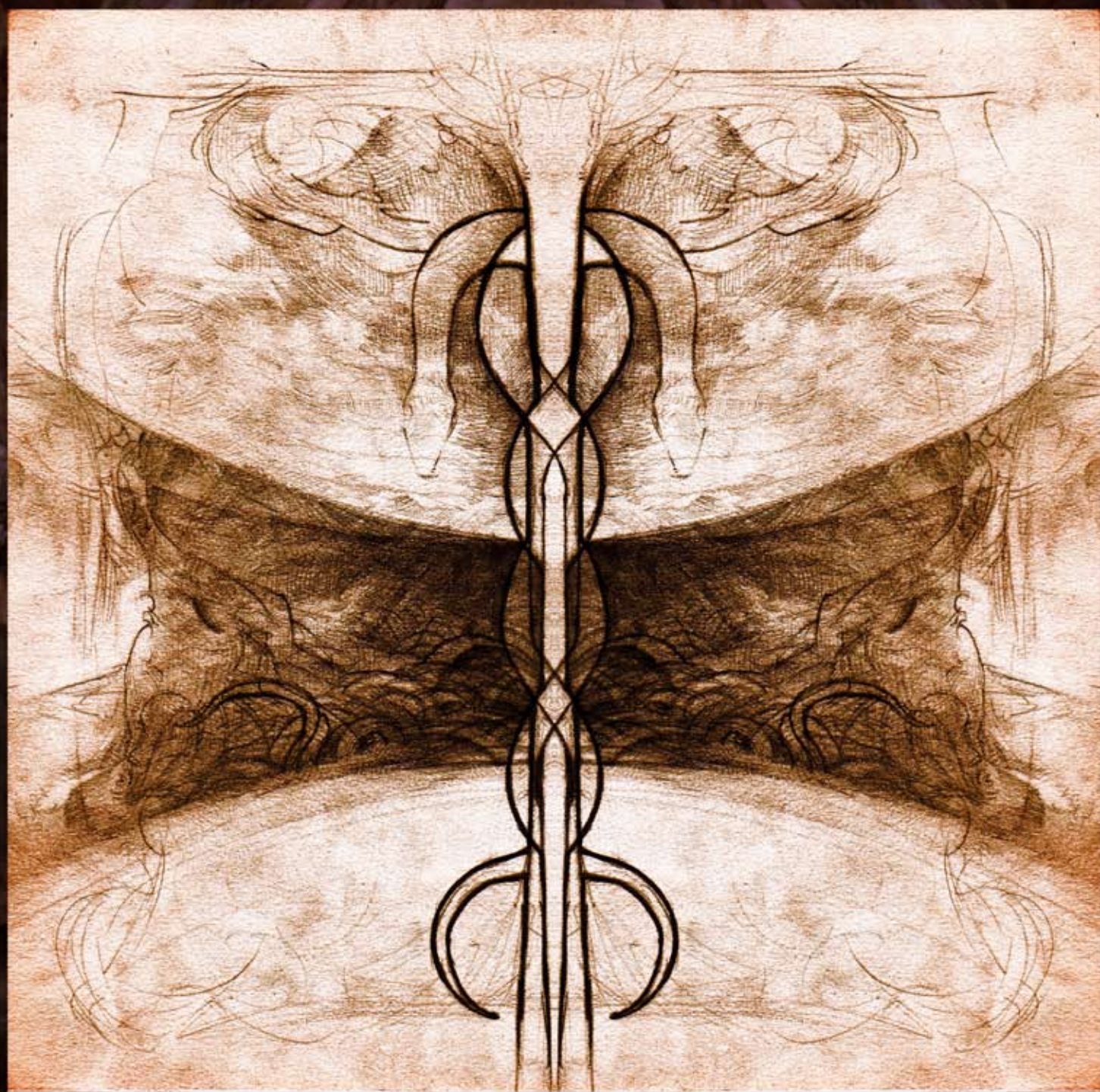
After all notions have been dissected
And all expressions have been deconstructed
As world views have been exploded
And connections to others have been dissolved
Comes another swing of the pendulum
Again changes the sum and substance
A time for renewal, for creation, for consolidation
From solve to coagula





That which was expanded contracts
Cryptic works become clear
Obscured layers of meaning show them-
selves in all their beautiful simplicity
The imperfect, diseased, corruptible and
ephemeral becomes perfect, healthy, in-
corruptible and everlasting
The map ceases to prevent us from explor-
ing the territory
ah, we have achieved kkoagulaa





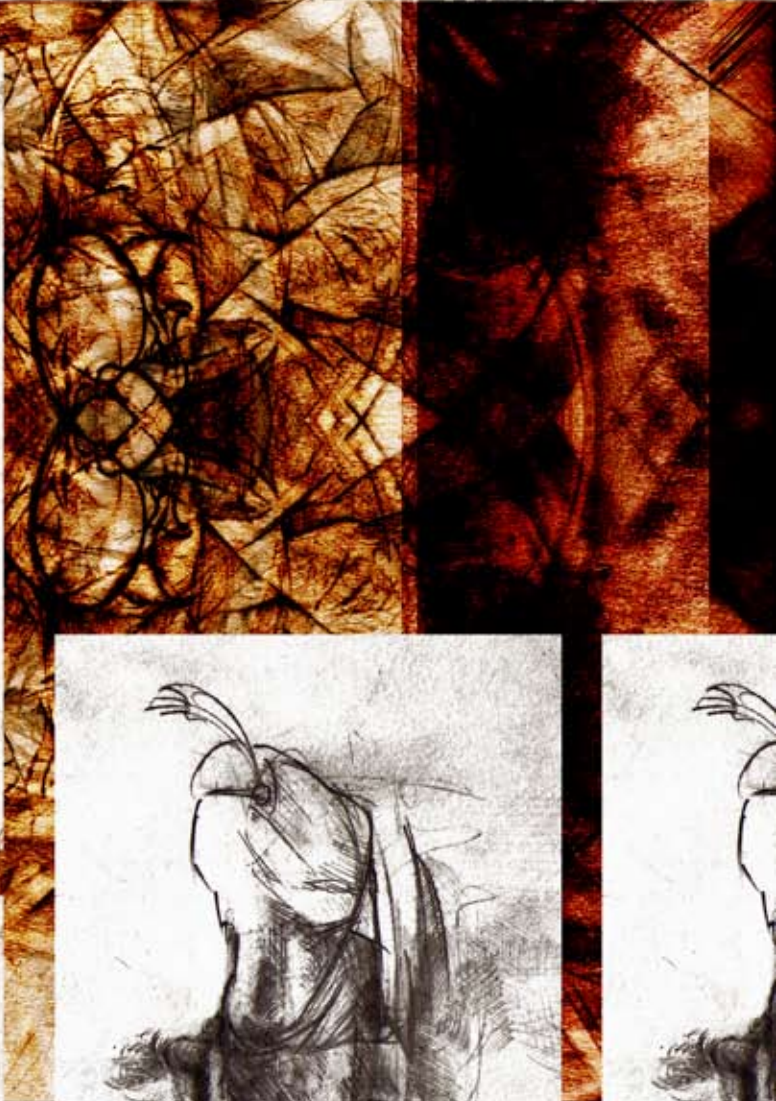
The kkoagulaa Manifesto

This manifesto is a living document, constantly evolving, part of the process of art itself. kkoagulaa is a living, constantly evolving entity, a shout from the mountaintop proclaiming the primacy of the act of creation.

All life is a collage of every form that has been engaged in a dance with the chaos that calls forth new forms. Order dissolves into chaos and then collapses into a higher form of order. This holds true for galaxies, ecosystems, empires and civilizations. The Universe, society, culture manifests in eternal change, and so should music and art.

The artifacts of kkoagulaa too are not so many calcified forms, but moments of the process of discovery captured. In a time when the business and cultural role of music and art is becoming increasingly destabilized, a quickening of chaotic activity ends up opening up new possibilities. This period of chaos before new structures coalesce into the next orthodoxy, before a possible return to and strengthening of corporate hegemony, the creative community has an opportunity to stretch out beyond safe art and safe social functions.

Better still, we see an opportunity to include everyone when we talk about the creative community. Not in theory, not as a fluffy bromide to flatter an "audience" or a way to make "customers" feel included in something when they're nothing but another resource to be exploited. Art exists for you to shape it, hijack it and remake, remix, reiterate and even reject it. It is for you to inspire thought, critical thinking, reconsideration.

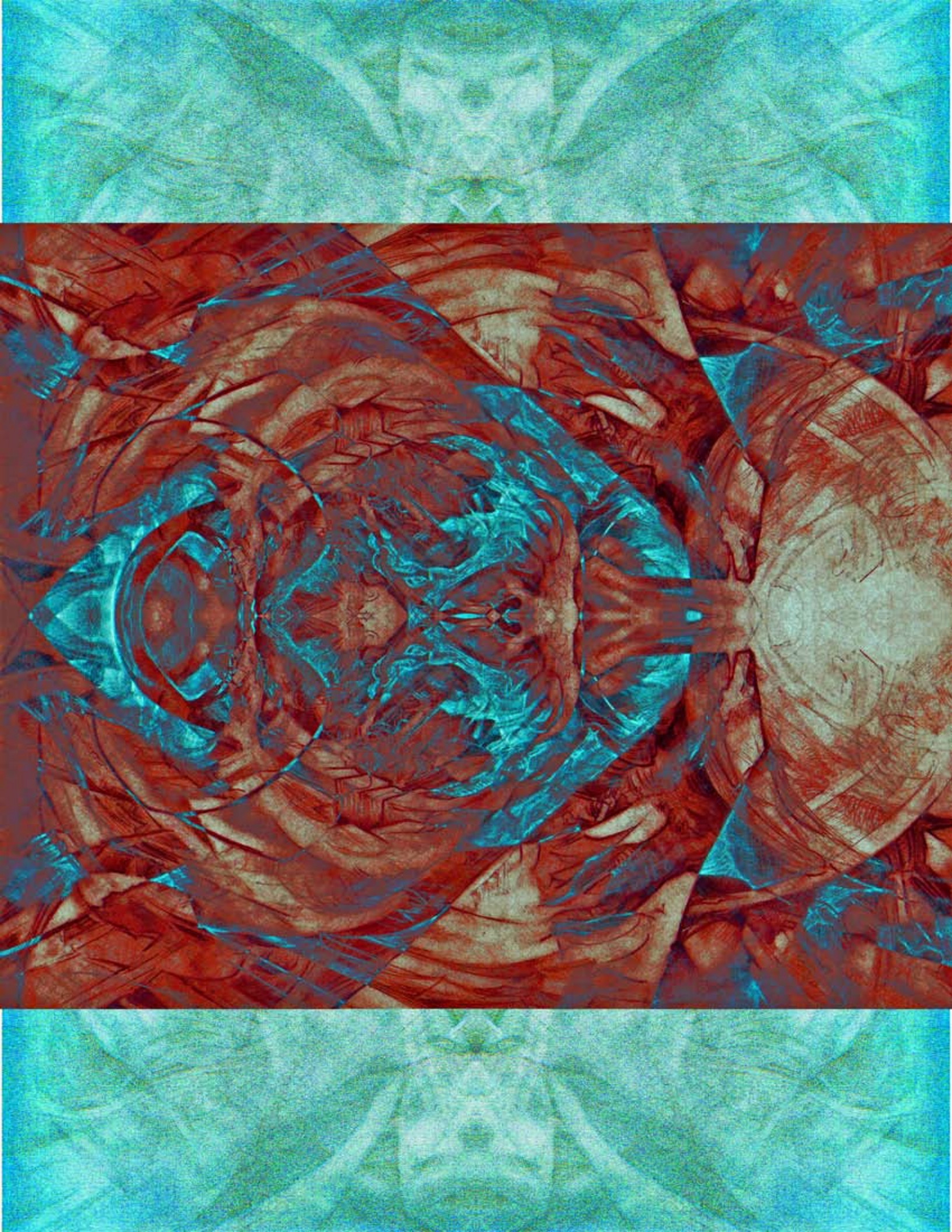


You are part of kkoagulaa. Your grandma is a node of kkoagulaa. Your cat is integral to kkoagulaa. Art is commentary on society and culture, whether it is intended to or not. We have been sold a notion that art is something the majority is to sit back and passively observe, if art plays a role in daily life at all. It is vital that you reject that notion. Throw it out, public, go on, take the next step.

kkoagulaa declares that society, culture and all actions in space-time are examples of art, and by extension magic, the continued creation of the Universe. All life, all processes, all art and the Universe is partially finished. Nothing will be done until the Universe collapses in on itself. And even then, the process begins anew.

You create the patterns you see in everything you behold, hear, touch and think about. You create the meaning of a work of art. By looking at it, listening to it, reflecting on it, you complete the creative act. should you take that symphony, piece of writing or painting and add your own touch, cut it up and recombine the elements, you bring the process further.





the tide rise
chained anchor in the deep end
sophismata transcend
sublustrs





The belly of the gazelle opened like a flower. Heat hit my face in a rush, and the smell washed over me. For a moment I thought the overwhelming, sweetness of this smell would knock me unconscious. They must have fed the gazelle exclusively with flower petals. An image, a memory of a scent. A bottle of essential oil broken on a hardwood floor, eating away the finish, air in a long abandoned house dense with a cloying odor.

The whiskers of the female lion on my right brushed my cheek. The heat and scent of her breath, heavy in my nostrils before she and the other two female lions had pulled the belly of the gazelle apart now barely registered.

Half dead.

«Lying down with lions. Surely I must be the lamb.» I thought. «Perhaps the day of Gods wrath has come and gone and we are delivered unto him.» My host stood watching with the same look of regal disinterest as the male lion that lay at his side.

The flesh between my teeth slid from my initial probing bite like the sensual slithering of a raw oyster. A gag convulsed my belly with an almost orgasmic intensity. A quick gulp of air brought a rush to my head and dancing spots of light to my eyes. My vision blurred with tears of gratitude I began to tear at the gazelle with my teeth.

Half dead human forms used as centerpieces on the banquet table. The other half of a politicians vacant gaze looks through the stained glass window behind my chair.

In this place with no moon or sun, no time of day or season, the light of morning seeps in by common consensus. The revellers who had come as guests the committee lay exhausted from more hours of self indulgence and noxious ingestion than could normally be survived.



Slipping in and out.

Still air.

Light.

A procession of monks manifest the wings of a mansion as they approach. Nothing there when we arrive. Half dead hominid shapes. Hedge rows with leathery faces, hissing, gurgling, swaying. Flowers grin with meaty insouciance. A field of arms. Vines, eyes, tongues crawl up walls.

We approach. Our place of meeting has always been, comes into being the moment the procession steps onto the stone terrace.

I see.

I heard.

«Poor bastard doesn't know where he is.» the committee assembled, awaits permission to begin. Our host will give the signal and I will set to writing the minutes. After each sentence is entered, a nod. The person acknowledged then will speak it.

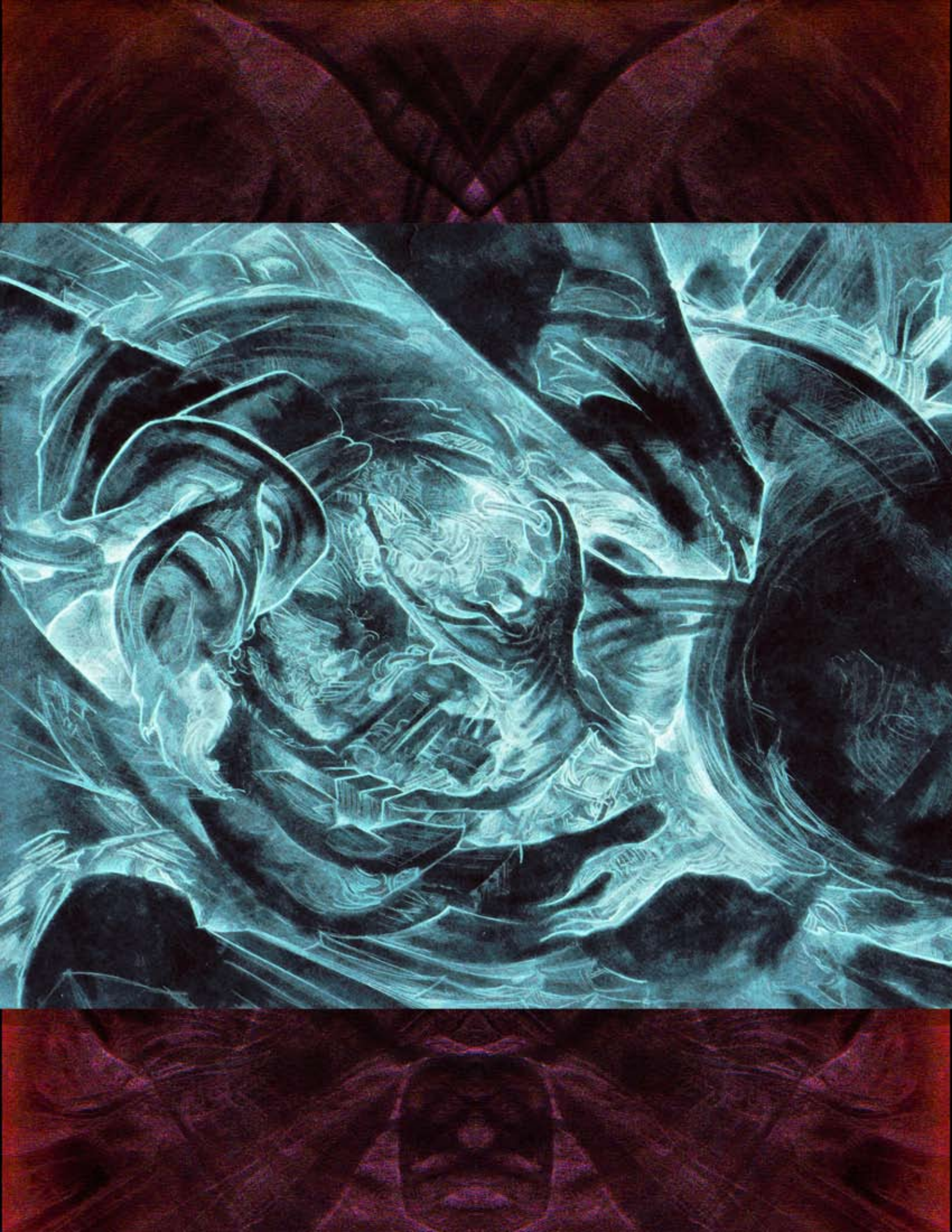
We sank back into the world to come slowly enough to watch the great edifice unmanifest upon the exiting procession. The peppery, florid aftertaste of that fantstical flesh, a lingering ember.

I will feel.

Eventually.

Ran aground a few years back, everything that had been important had lost all context.

The great black serpents ate it all. Larvae populate the earth. Hey come in dream, but sleep is not an option. They can not enter unless they are invited in.



Great edifices, battlements that rose out of hallowed ground dissolved like dream images. Growing need to feel the air on every inch.

Now open. Never knew it was closed up, but the brain peers in and invites out. Out.

The first communication was in the form of a long black snake, a serpent in our suburban garden. A sickening awareness of slithering, cold survival as a chain. Pulled where desire pointed. A serpentine glance was the abyss skrying secrets in your core.

Agent. Agent of something else. Agent of something unseen, unacknowledged.

A card, a chance word from the kind if offputting stranger who would not have even registered. Voices. Thoughts showing up as events, feelings disappearing behind a horizon never before noticed.

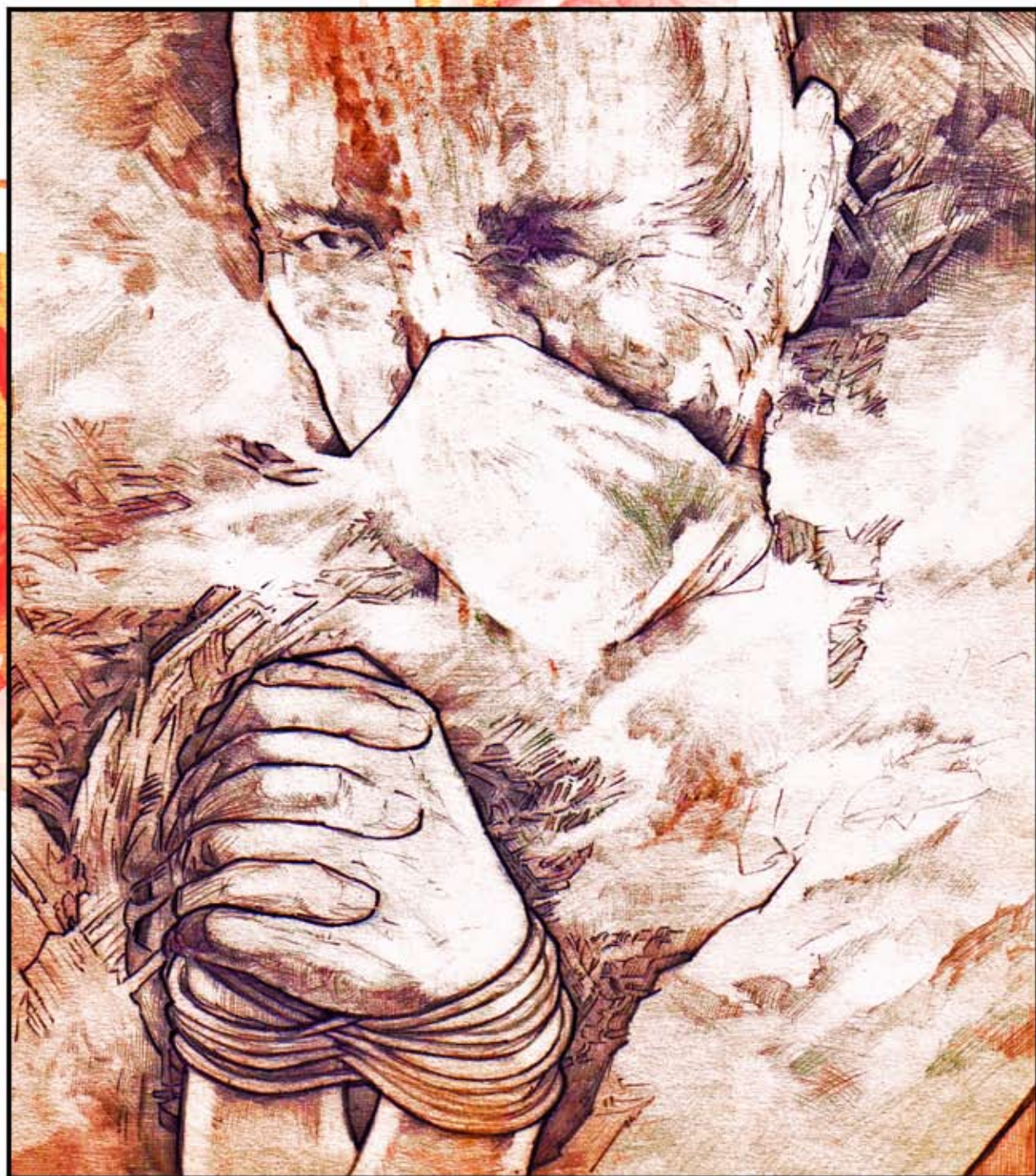
Three black coils. Voices from before history, three bodies of dark light. Antimatter, still the chatter, lie down and sink into the soil and let the slithering, cold, coiling caress light a fire across the skin. Skin now breathing for the first time in the memory of socialized sentience.


Look at the human and not the snakes. Be aware of the slithering caresses, not the venom.

A conspiracy that leads to freedom from conspiracy. A cloud of a million points of consciousness, a chaotic hive, one mind.

We are connected. We are connected. We are connected.

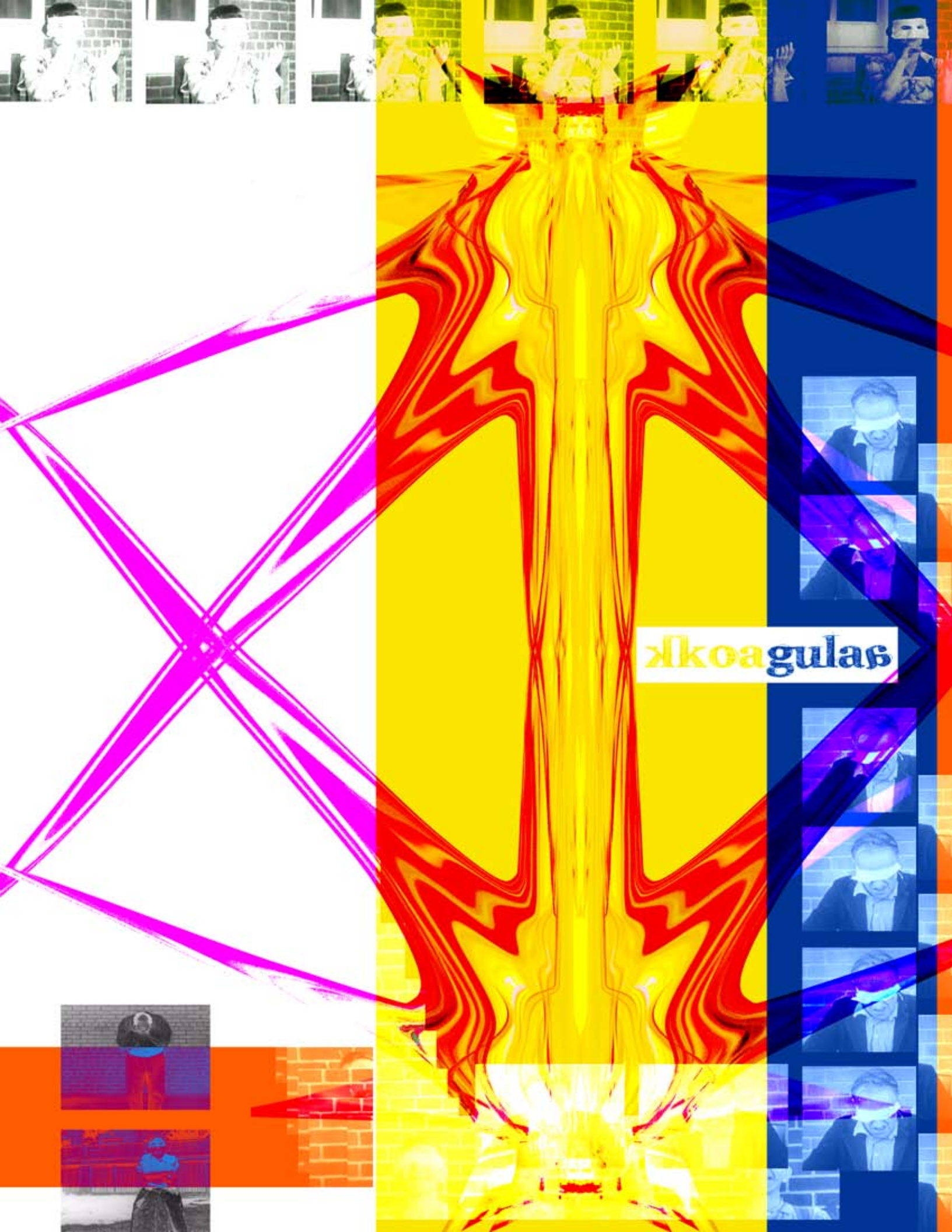
Improvising on memplex patterns achieving altered nation states. Advance guard of armies of brutalized art, excessive inquisitiveness quelled by a chemical shroud. Propaganda, trenches dug in your patch of reality is to be filled in, dirt dispersed in a great uncovering.



The background is a light blue field filled with various organic, hand-drawn shapes in shades of pink, brown, and yellow. These shapes are scattered across the page, with some appearing more prominent than others. The overall effect is a soft, textured, and somewhat ethereal composition.

you revel in your false cold

the ceremony where you sold your soul



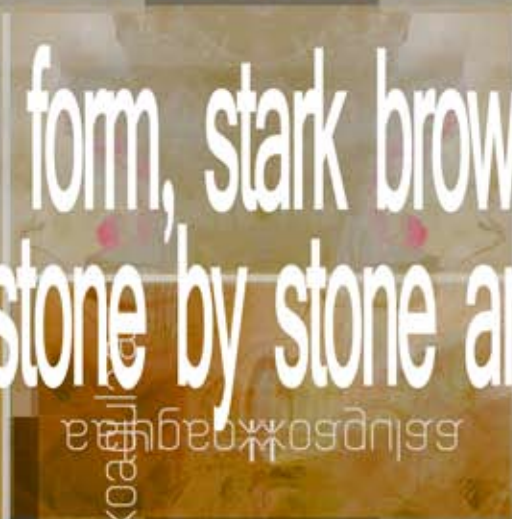
koagulas

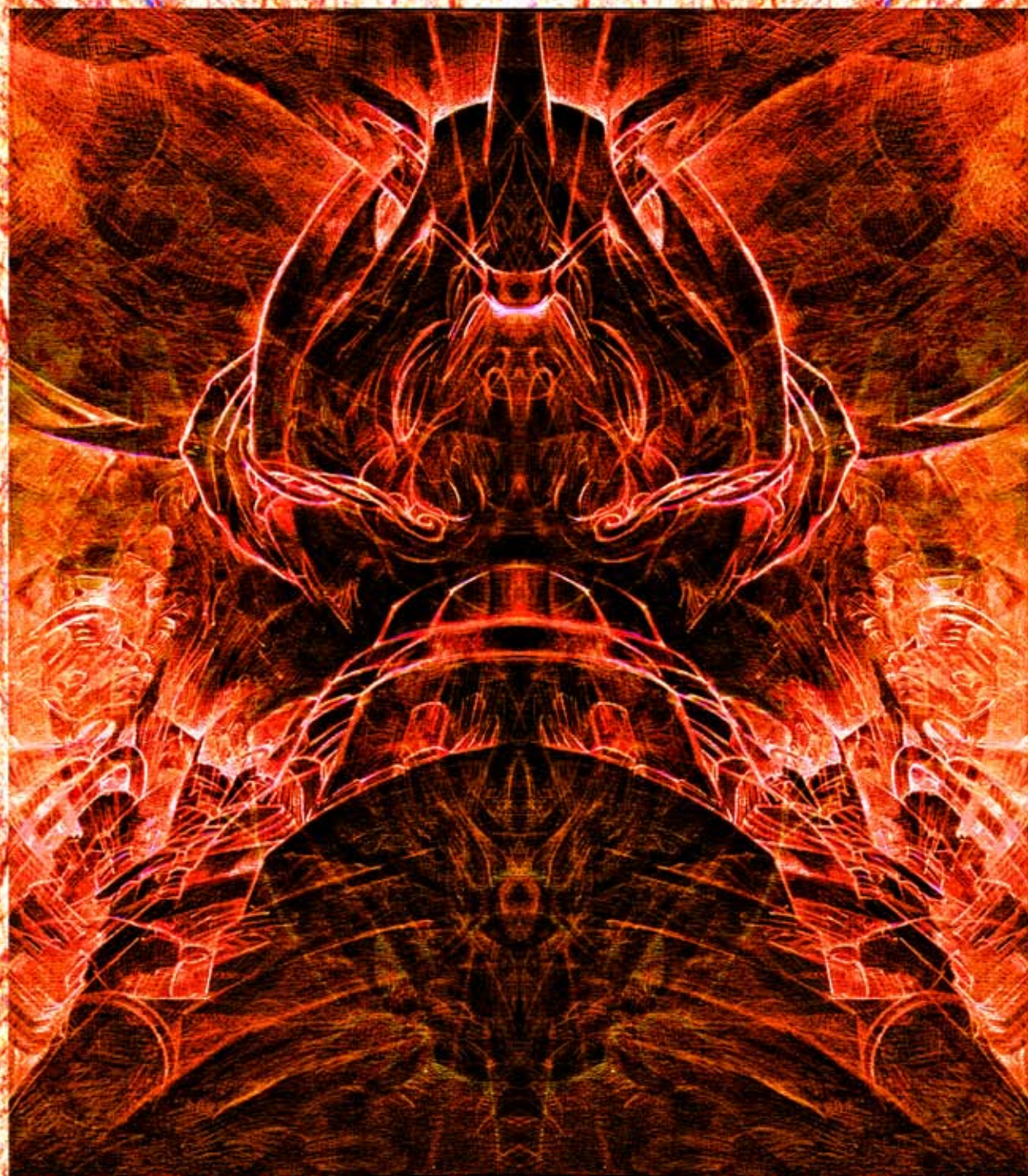
reduction in found form, stark brown desaturated gold
i build my castle stone by stone and year by year

ilpugsookkoagulaa

ilpugsookkoagulaa

ilpugsookkoagulaa





The basement walls are closing in
No light but the glowing screen
Once again I'm sitting through
An end without end without end...
I lift the hatch, and look around
Out of my personal creative space
At the Paranoidi and the dead
Their entertainment value wears thin

A deep seated need to believe
A self-perpetuating distraction

A long term headspace colony
The sum of fifty million minds
the end of western civilization
Once again, over and overlooked

Another kkulture kkarmageddon
Another apocalyptic fantasy game
Another aimless drama
To hide that every day is the same







you think you see the darkness, but you can't
and never will 'cause noone can
unless darkness' all you see, and some do
the degraded and untrue
'cause for the chosen few
there's only darkness
and there's pain
beyond any naked winter
or bleeding open slash
all drive and dreams has gone
from ember to cold ash





Aurum nostrum non est aurum vulgi



யோவா | செவ்வியல் | நம்
யுடைய | நிலை | வைத்து | மொ

λ ο μ | α β γ δ ε | ζ η θ ι κ λ μ ν | ξ ο π ρ σ τ υ φ χ ψ ω |

1
 2
 3
 4
 5
 6
 7
 8
 9
 10
 11
 12
 13
 14
 15
 16
 17
 18
 19
 20
 21
 22
 23
 24
 25
 26
 27
 28
 29
 30
 31
 32
 33
 34
 35
 36
 37
 38
 39
 40
 41
 42
 43
 44
 45
 46
 47
 48
 49
 50
 51
 52
 53
 54
 55
 56
 57
 58
 59
 60
 61
 62
 63
 64
 65
 66
 67
 68
 69
 70
 71
 72
 73
 74
 75
 76
 77
 78
 79
 80
 81
 82
 83
 84
 85
 86
 87
 88
 89
 90
 91
 92
 93
 94
 95
 96
 97
 98
 99
 100
 101
 102
 103
 104
 105
 106
 107
 108
 109
 110
 111
 112
 113
 114
 115
 116
 117
 118
 119
 120
 121
 122
 123
 124
 125
 126
 127
 128
 129
 130
 131
 132
 133
 134
 135
 136
 137
 138
 139
 140
 141
 142
 143
 144
 145
 146
 147
 148
 149
 150
 151
 152
 153
 154
 155
 156
 157
 158
 159
 160
 161
 162
 163
 164
 165
 166
 167
 168
 169
 170
 171
 172
 173
 174
 175
 176
 177
 178
 179
 180
 181
 182
 183
 184
 185
 186
 187
 188
 189
 190
 191
 192
 193
 194
 195
 196
 197
 198
 199
 200
 201
 202
 203
 204
 205
 206
 207
 208
 209
 210
 211
 212
 213
 214
 215
 216
 217
 218
 219
 220
 221
 222
 223
 224
 225
 226
 227
 228
 229
 230
 231
 232
 233
 234
 235
 236
 237
 238
 239
 240
 241
 242
 243
 244
 245
 246
 247
 248
 249
 250
 251
 252
 253
 254
 255
 256
 257
 258
 259
 260
 261
 262
 263
 264
 265
 266
 267
 268
 269
 270
 271
 272
 273
 274
 275
 276
 277
 278
 279
 280
 281
 282
 283
 284
 285
 286
 287
 288
 289
 290
 291
 292
 293
 294
 295
 296
 297
 298
 299
 300
 301
 302
 303
 304
 305
 306
 307
 308
 309
 310
 311
 312
 313
 314
 315
 316
 317
 318
 319
 320
 321
 322
 323
 324
 325
 326
 327
 328
 329
 330
 331
 332
 333
 334
 335
 336
 337
 338
 339
 340
 341
 342
 343
 344
 345
 346
 347
 348
 349
 350
 351
 352
 353
 354
 355
 356
 357
 358
 359
 360
 361
 362
 363
 364
 365
 366
 367
 368
 369
 370
 371
 372
 373
 374
 375
 376
 377
 378
 379
 380
 381
 382
 383
 384
 385
 386
 387
 388
 389
 390
 391
 392
 393
 394
 395
 396
 397
 398
 399
 400
 401
 402
 403
 404
 405
 406
 407
 408
 409
 410
 411
 412
 413
 414
 415
 416
 417
 418
 419
 420
 421
 422
 423
 424
 425
 426
 427
 428
 429
 430
 431
 432
 433
 434
 435
 436
 437
 438
 439
 440
 441
 442
 443
 444
 445
 446
 447
 448
 449
 450
 451
 452
 453
 454
 455
 456
 457
 458
 459
 460
 461
 462
 463
 464
 465
 466
 467
 468
 469
 470
 471
 472
 473
 474
 475
 476
 477
 478
 479
 480
 481
 482
 483
 484
 485
 486
 487
 488
 489
 490
 491
 492
 493
 494
 495
 496
 497
 498
 499
 500
 501
 502
 503
 504
 505
 506
 507
 508
 509
 510
 511
 512
 513
 514
 515
 516
 517
 518
 519
 520
 521
 522
 523
 524
 525

